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The True Woman.

Vol. II.—No. 10. BALTIMORE, DECEMBER, 1872, Price 5 Cents.

Edited by Mrs. Charlotte E. McKay.

Whatsoever things are true,
Whatsoever things are honest;
Whatsoever things are just,
Whatsoever things are pure;
Whatsoever things are lovely,
Whatsoever things are of good report;
If there be any virtue, and if any praise,
Think on these things.
—*St. Paul.*

[For the True Woman.

The Bluestone Pastorate.

BY S. L. H.

"Mary, I am almost sorry that I ever studied for the ministry," said Mr. Wilmot to his wife one evening, after the tea things were removed, and they had settled themselves for a little converse.

"Why, Charles! I am surprised. I have often regretted that I was a minister's wife, but I thought you were altogether too good to go back on your profession."

"No, Mary; I have not done that, exactly, only I am not quite fitted for it; I do not find that pleasure in it that I once anticipated. But, Mary, I did not know until this moment that *you* regretted the post, at all; I thought you were very contented.

"To tell the truth, Charles, you and I were both a little romantic. To be married, and to have a home of my own with one I loved, was really uppermost in my heart, and perhaps in yours too. We both like refinements, have been accustomed to considerable luxury, and find out now, that with all the comforts of religion at hand—like a doctor in one's own family—this alone will not bring much material comfort, and does not make money."

"But if we are what we profess, Mary—"

"Oh, I know what you are going to say, husband; I have said it to myself a thousand times already, but the truth remains the same: we are both ambitious, and poor. Still, do not look so downcast, for I love *you*, Charles, and am often afraid this is the best motive I work from, while I cannot help wishing that we had more means, and a greater number of indulgences."

"I am astonished, Mary; I thought *you* were a better Christian. When we used to take long rides in the country and talk over our future, and when we were teaching in the Sabbath-school, we thought no day was like Sunday, and no work superior to that of spreading the Gospel."

"Well, Charles, I may have become worldly; what I say now is only to you. I really love the life I can look back to better than this ceaseless conflict with the narrowness of ordinary people. If you were the pastor of a large church in Boston or New York, I should like that. Then we could be more independent in everything. What they call *worldliness* here in the country would be a matter of course there, and your salary would enable us to live as we were brought up—plenty of books periodicals, pictures, and all that. Don't start, Charles, and call me wicked; for I mean just what I say, and if it is wicked, I can't help it. Perhaps one of your good sermons will make me better." So saying she walked up to the piano, one elegant memento of single life; and brought out a plaintive air, which her husband interpreted as resignation.

When she had finished he said: "Mary, you know my father has not been very liberal to me since we were married; and this he did not lead me to expect beforehand. He said: 'Charles, if you wish to marry a young lady without means, you will be obliged to support her—you must not look to me. Your father has a large family of daughters coming on;' and I see no prospect of wealth from that quarter: When our own is increased, we must practice yet more self denial; and if we do it not for the sake of Christ's cause we shall yet be obliged to do it for our own."

"Now, Charles, you talk just as I feel. I am learning to be practical; and sometimes feel a little vexed that I could not have foreseen all these results beforehand."

"What would you have done, if you had, Mary," asked her husband anxiously.

"Married you, of course, and taken the consequences," she said, bending over him affectionately. "Write a sermon, Charles, write a sermon, and make me feel ashamed of my womanly candor or unchristian lukewarmness," she added playfully.

Mr. Wilmot had heard enough. He was a little startled, yet brightened too—Mary had acknowledged *her* human infirmity, while he, for the sake of religion had been trying to cloak his.

As she left the room he glanced up at a small crucifix that hung over the mantelpiece. It was the gift of a brother minister, now in Germany. He was neither a Catholic, nor an Episcopalian, but he never "placed *the cross upon the floor.*"

Just then a text occurred to Mr. Wilmot, and with it came sweet thoughts for the following Sunday. "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." That was it. Mary and he had voluntarily chosen this emblem, but had lifted up themselves, and lost sight of their great Exemplar.

Much that she had said was true. He would henceforth remember that his people were human, like himself—not to be looked down upon for their want of liberal contact, but to be elevated with others to a higher standard of faith and virtue.

Mrs. Betsey Brown was a strong Congregationalist. She never looked long at the Episcopal church in her own neighborhood without thinking it bore a "*heathenish*" emblem. But notwithstanding this, she really enjoyed Mr. Wilmot's sermon the following Sunday; and remarked to a neighbor that "she had really been lifted up a great deal," while Mary Wilmot wept in secret over her own "selfishness," and tried to cheer her husband that week with more comforting words.

[*To be continued*]

[For the True Woman.

Woman in Politics.

SECOND PAPER.

MADAME MAINTENON.

(*Concluded.*)

Like all female politicians Madame Maintenon had a personal motive in all she did. It was to weaken the influence of Louvois, the minister who had prevented the king's acknowledgment of his marriage, that she persuaded Louis to withdraw his troops from foreign war and use them in the dragonnades against his own subjects; and yet the war came none the less. Then she insisted on accompanying the king, persuading him to take the ladies of the court with him to the Low Countries.

Until this campaign Louis had enjoyed the reputation of being a brave man and a good general. This reputation Madame caused him to lose; for when the king, by good luck, found himself in face of William of Orange, with an army double that of Holland, and in such a position that victory was certain to the French, Madame Maintenon, in spite of Luxemborg, who threw himself at the king's feet praying to be allowed to fight, persuaded Louis that it was bad policy to risk an engagement; and in the very sight of the enemy, with his own men crazy to fight, he withdrew from the field and sent his men to Germany to reinforce the dauphin. Louis XIV. never went to battle again. The outcry in France was tremendous. All Europe cried, shame! and men were broken on the wheel to punish them for their hardihood in caricaturing the king so enslaved to this old lady.

The next bad piece of meddling of Madame was in procuring her intendant at St. Cyr, who had managed to get in her good graces, made prime minister. This was Chaviellart. The finances of France now became the most tremendous muddle of history. It would require pages to give the least idea of the terrible financial difficulties into which the folly and inability of Chaviellart led the nation, in the days of his premiership. Things went from bad to worse. In addition to foreign war, famine,

want, and civil war was the fate of France. Madame Maintenon, afraid to let Louis know that religious unity had not come to France by the *dragonnades*, nor the revocation of the edict of Nantes, connived with her creature Chaviellart to conceal from the king the outbreaks of the *Connesords*, and the atrocities that were everywhere prevailing in the woman-ruled kingdom.

But this was not all. Louis had done his best to help James II. He had made France pay dearly for its partisanship, had posted James in every way, but at last took him home to St. Germain, made peace with William of England and found it cheaper to give James his little court at the chateau, than to force him on his own unwilling subjects in England. He had entered into engagements not to disturb the succession of William and his heirs. One day James at St. Germain is struck with apoplexy and dies. He was always called King of England, in France, but the young chevalier's title to succeed him had never been admitted. Louis had no idea of ever calling him King of England; but the unfortunate widow of James plead for this "empty homage," "this poor consolation." She besieged Madame Maintenon and was successful. She in a little time talked Louis into making that tremenduous mistake. The son of James was acknowleged by the style and title of James III. of England.

This it was that made William join the Emperor in the "war of the Spanish succession," which, by its long continuance and dreadful reverses, brought France to the verge of ruin, from the full consequences of which it was only saved by the maneuvers of Lady Masham in England, which withdrew Marlborough from the army, and brought about the peace of Utrecht.

Great as Madame Maintenon was in her ability to bring to pass any of her designs, we cannot grant her the honor of having an independent opinion on any subject. She was in fact the mere puppet of de Noialles and le pere La Chaise. It is the same old story: the exploitation of woman by man most certain when politics is the sphere in which she chooses to act.

Henri Martin does not associate Madame Maintenon with other fatal events of the reign of Louis, though many biographers and historians do. As for instance, the recall from his high place in the army of Catinet, which was a terrible mistake; also the disgrace of Vendôme, who, with the exception of Villars, was the greatest general the king had in those last unfortunate times. Vendome never was a favorite of Madame, and it is quite certain that if she did not originate the downfall of these great men she did her part.

After the peace of Utrecht, denounced in the days of George I. as a "shameful peace," which involved the chiefs of the party, which had brought it about in criminal prosecutions for high treason, France was in no condition to carry on any warfare for any purpose. Her revenues were consumed beforehand; the deficit was bewildering, and in despite of all the means used to bring back prosperity, public and private bankruptcy was the normal state of the kingdom. Louis had sent away the young chevalier to Lorraine; had made every promise, in no way to disturb the Hanoverian succession, but Bolingbroke had fled to France and there renewed his efforts to restore the Stuarts to the throne. Now the wife of Bolingbroke was the niece of Madame Maintenon. Here is the secret cause of that delusion that made Louis XIV. forget every pledge, and "underhandedly" promise his aid to the young chevalier. He raised money for him in Spain, poor and desperate as were the fortunes of that miserable kingdom; ruled by the grandson of Louis, in the hands of an Italian woman, the Princess Orsini. He succored him with ships, etc. The story is an old one. The young chevalier did not succeed, and Madame Maintenon's last and most independent move on the political chessboard was the most notable of her failures, and brought more contempt on the poor credulous king than anything he had ever yet done.

Was Madame Maintenon herself happy in the carrying on of her political intrigues? Her own confession is to the contrary. A weary, over-worked woman, whose sense of relief at the death of the king was pathetically expressed in that one word so full of meaning, "enfin"—"at last."

If Madame Maintenon made only a miserable failure in the field of politics, what women may there hope to be successful? She was born an inheritor of political ideas. All her associations were with those most interested in the affairs of State. Naturally of a good mind, her culture had all been of a political character. How she narrates her earliest reading at her mother's knee of Plutarch. Her thoughts were all bent to the consideration of the character and works of men politically great. She was only eighteen when she married Scarron, and in his house politics was the staple of conversation. The encroachment of the royal power, "the rights of the noblesse," "the ancient polity of France," the character and acts of the ministry, and whatever other topic arose, all was political. In her widowed days, when she was the friend of the celebrated Ninon de l'Enclos, at whose house all the wits and notabilities of Paris were habitues, Madame Maintenon had more real intelligence than any of her friends, and conversed with ease and elegance, and above all with good sense, on all the subjects that arose in those reunions of wits and *esprits forts*. Yet when the time came, and she had a position where her political opinions had weight, and became the leading ideas of the monarque, all her advice was wrong and ruinous. France never recovered from the mistakes made by Louis XIV., under the influence of this woman. Louis XV., who saw how all was ruined around him, only consoled himself by the thought that things would last his time. Truly in a manner they did, but then with what an utter crash did the toppling monarchy tumble in '89. For some of Madame Maintenon's errors of judgment it is hard to find any excuse. Her errors were all those of a woman, whose judgment is generally too much biased by personal matters to have the largeness of grasp that politics requires. The proper excellence of a woman is this very close personal view she takes of things, so that, well adapted as is her intellect to grapple with all the small difficulties of life, it seems to fail absolutely when it assumes control in the affairs of government in a state; and in the failures of Madame Maintenon, all women should find a warning, making them more and more eschew politics.

What to do in Emergencies.—If a person falls down in a fit, and begins to snore loudly, with very red face, it is apoplexy. Let him be seated so as to favor the blood going downward, away from the head; apply cold cloths to the head, or cushions of equal quantities of snow or pounded ice and common salt. If the person is perfectly still, face pale, and there is no perceptible breathing, it is a fit of fainting. Do not touch him, except to loosen the clothing; then keep off five or ten feet distant, so as to allow the air to come in; make no noise, and there will very soon be a calm, quiet return to consciousness and life; for it is only a momentary cessation of the circulation of the blood to the head. But suppose there is a very violent motion of the hands and feet, and all sorts of bodily contortions, it is epilepsy. Let the man contort until he is tired; you can't hold him still; all your efforts only tend to aggravate the trouble, and to exhaust the strength; all that ought to be done, is to keep the unfortunate from hurting himself. There is no felt suffering, for as soon as he comes to he will tell you that he remembers nothing whatever of what has passed, appears to be the only calm and self-possessed person in the whole crowd, and is apparently as perfectly well as before the occurrence.

Dizziness often comes instantaneously, and we begin to reel before we know it. Shut the eyes, whether you are walking along the street, looking over a precipice, ascending a ladder, or climbing to a ship's masthead; the fear or dizziness disappears instantly if you look upward.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

A worthy New York lady has just retired, on account of age, from Sunday-school work in which she has been engaged for fifty years. She has had under her charge over five hundred children, a large proportion of whom are now members of the church. While such women exist, there is no need of discussion as to "woman's work in the church." It speaks for itself.

Miss Eliza Lyman has contracted to furnish the lumber for all the water tanks and depot buildings of a new railroad to be built in Vermont, and Eliza is going to superintend the work herself.

[For the True Woman.

The Captive Maid.

See 2d Book of Kings v.

Far from her childhood's home,
Far from her kindred's graves,
She dwells beneath a lordly dome,
One of her captor's slaves.

The daughter of a race
Renowned on many a soil,
Condemned to take a menial's place,
For heathen's doom'd to toil.

Oh, who may tell the pain
Of that young, lonely heart,
With none to whom she could complain,
Weeping, unseen, apart!

Brooded she o'er her grief
In sullen bitterness?
Not so. Her anguish sought relief
In seeking some to bless.

In her beloved land,
The heritage of God,
She had been taught to understand
Obedience to His word.

And looking round her now,
Among that household throng,
She noted sorrow on each brow,
Its tone in every song.

He whom she "master" called,
Rich, honorable and great,
Was by a heavier bondage thrall'd
Than mark'd her abject state.

She saw the doom he bore,
The misery of his wife,
A foul disease no skill could cure
Darkening their blended life.

With sympathy and zeal
She in their service wrought,
Until the very means to heal
Was whispered to her thought.

Her mistress, to whose ear
Her wish was first made known,
Felt that her faith was so sincere
It almost woke her own.

The story's strange import
Gave hope to Naaman's heart;
His suit was entertained at court,
And he was bade depart.

A leper, forth, he went,
A whole, sound man, he came,
In person, feeling and intent,
He hardly was the same.

He had a child's pure skin—
He had a purer creed—
A change without, a change within.
The maiden had her meed.

The diadems of love
Hath many a precious pearl,
But none need scorn, though rank'd above,
This captive Hebrew girl

L. F Morgan.

[For the True Woman.

The Successful Woman.

Who is she? We hear much, though not too much, of women who have achieved for themselves, by their own exertions, combined with favoring circumstances, celebrity, wealth and honor, while others have struggled upward, surrounded by depressing influences, fighting their way step by step to the goal of their ambition and hopes. To many others the reward of fame and distinction has come, though not sought as an end, and has given less pleasure than was found in the work which kept them too busy to heed what the world would say. But these, although a great army, do not exhaust the ranks of successful women. There is a success which is not measured by visible results, which is often higher and better, more full of satisfaction even, than that sort of success which makes a name famous. Everywhere, in homes high and low, are women with hands full of wholesome duties, bearing bravely their

> "Portion of the weight of care,
> That crushes into dumb despair
> One-half the human race;"

who never dream of their lives being a success. We know them, "their charity, service, faith, patience, and *works*, and the last to be more than the first." Such are they whom St. Paul describes when he says, "If she have brought up children, if she have lodged strangers, if she have washed the saints' feet, if she have relieved the afflicted, if she have diligently followed every good work." The matron who is skillfully conducting a well-ordered home, giving often the soft answer that turneth away wrath, magnifying the office of her cook, her seamstress, her chamber-maid, by insuring to them the sympathy, justice and respect that are due to faithful services in these capacities, need not conclude that she is an unsuccessful woman because she cannot write a book, or mount the rostrum and inveigh against the miseries of her sex to an admiring audience.

Then there are hosts of single women whose lives have been filled with more humble services, to whom it is so often said by friends in times of sickness and affliction, "what could we have done without you;" every day it may be a day of self-abnegation, their very joys not their own, but borrowed from more favored ones, and worn second-hand. "How flat, stale and unprofitable" do their lives seem to them; yet how fair and sweet and bright do they shine to others. Here is one who toils from day to day for aged parents; her vocation is found chiefly in domestic work—at the wash-tub and ironing-board—and by the faithful performance of these important duties and her skill in the culinary art, her good principles and reliability in all that she undertakes, she compels a respect which many a favored child of fortune has never gained. She is one of our successful women—"a good Samaritan, who shall not toil in vain."

Another gentle woman that I know is confined by chronic disease to her chamber. She has not left it for many years, and never will till the summons, "come up higher," rings out for her from the silver bells of eternity. Yet her life is filled up with a cheerful industry; some light needle-work for herself or others; notes of sympathy, advice, encouragement to friends in the thick of the combat; the atmosphere around her filled with the sweet breath of Christian grace and love, she is one of our dear Lord's successful women, of whom he says, "she hath done what she could."

Then there are others—a mighty army—you may find them in the mill, the workshop, the school-house, the kitchen; no matter where, so they are doing honest work, often cheerful and singing at their tasks—beautiful young girls, many of them, to whom society is under bonds for protection, and securing to them honest pay for honest work; or, it may be, care-worn and sorrowful women, for whom the light of life has gone out, toiling painfully from day to day for the pittance that selfish prosperity doles out with niggard hand. Shall we write any of these unsuccessful women? They may be in the eyes of the gay and careless multitude, and in their own esteem; but wait a little. The real success of life is not always determined by outward conditions. It is true only in a low and mercenary sense that "nothing succeeds but success." The highest success means something more than fine houses and a splendid fame. Poverty has its heroes and heroines as well as its martyrs; and the success that builds up a *noble character* and is founded on virtue and true greatness of soul, makes its awards in the workshop and cottage, as well as in the palace or on the rostrum.

The life that is spent in bravely struggling to overcome difficulties, and make the best of surrounding circumstances—in humble imitation of Him whose earthly life was for our advantage made perfect through suffering—can never be called a failure, though passed in obloquy and ended on a cross.

Susan Saunders.

Phonography.

Many women now find remunerative employment through a knowledge of phonography. Mrs. E. B. Burns, of 33 Park Row, New York, who has been a successful teacher of phonetic shorthand for twenty years, says of her classes:

"It is a duty as well as pleasure to chronicle the success with which our pupils are learning the New Phonography, or *Phonic Shorthand*, with the Journal alone as an instruction book. The experimental ladies' class at Cooper's Union, during August and September, though held during the intensely hot weather, and otherwise conducted under very adverse circumstances, was a complete success. At the fifteenth lesson Mr. Cooper himself came in, and the teacher asked him to write a sentence on a slip of paper. He wrote, "Man without knowledge is a soulless being, and without science he is a straying wanderer." It was written on the blackboard in phonograpic characters, and the class read it instantly. Mr. Cooper kindly expressed his great pleasure at the proficiency of the ladies, gave them a few words of encouragement and advice, and assured them of a room in the Institute wherein to pursue their studies so long as they desired it. This class, now advanced, meets twice a week for comparing notes, mutual criticism and dictation: while a still larger elementary class has been formed at the Institute, which receives instruction on Mondays and Thursdays at half-past two o'clock.

"We have also an elementary class on the evenings of the same day, that meets at the Mercantile Library, Astor Place. This is composed of highly intelligent gentlemen and ladies, who are fairly walking over the track with ease. Compared with the old methods of phonography, the study of the new is but agreeable pastime."

The Emperor William has done a new thing—conferred the first German decoration since the annexation, on a native of Alsace-Lorraine, namely, the Cross of Merit for Women, on Madame Schmidt and Mademoiselle Batillard, for their services in nursing wounded soldiers, both French and German.

The True Woman.

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☞ *Exchanges will confer a favor by addressing us a Lancaster, Pa.*

Baltimore, Md., December, 1872.

BACK numbers of THE TRUE WOMAN will be sent for gratuitous distribution to subscribers or others, on receipt of postage stamps. These numbers contain articles on the woman question, by Mrs. A. L. Phelps, Mrs. Dahlgren, E. W. Long, S. Fenimore Cooper, S. L. Hopper, S. M. Brownson, Dr. J. H. Hannaford, Rev. A. C. Adams and other good writers, from all of whom we expect occasional contributions for the third volume, to commence with January, 1873.

As a large proportion of our present subscribers commenced their subscriptions with January, 1872, the present number completes their year. We would be glad to hear from every one of these during the month of December, and respectfully ask them to renew their subscriptions. Many of our original subscribers, whose year will expire with the February issue, have kindly followed a suggestion in our last, by sending with payment, for 1872, an extra half dollar, which has been placed to their credit for 1873. Others who are still in arrears would aid us much by doing likewise.

WE desire to call the attention of agents, and our friends generally, to our offer on the eighth page of *The Christian at Work*, with their beautiful chromos, together with THE TRUE WOMAN. *The Christian at Work* is one of the most valuable and popular religious papers in the country, and with one or more chromos, and our own paper, will help to make every home better and happier at a small expense. We also commend our paper to the attention of Sabbath-schools and Bible-class teachers, as an appropriate holiday gift for their pupils. Last year, at this time, we received subscriptions for this purpose, and have since learned that THE TRUE WOMAN for a year was a gift highly prized by many Sabbath-school girls. In order to encourage this kind of circulation, we will send to any Sabbath-school teacher a package of six or more copies for half the usual price. Will our friends please consider this offer?

IN taking a general survey of the *woman question* as it now presents itself, we are compelled to the belief, that while there is a steadily advancing interest in the matter of furnishing suitable occupations for women, and in methods of helping her to a greater degree of self-reliance, self-respect, and an honorable independence when an honorable dependence is wanting—there has been for the last two years a falling off in the interest of the suffrage question as related to her. We have, therefore, determined for the future to give less prominence in our paper to the discussion of Woman Suffrage, and to devote it more especially to those subjects which have a more immediate bearing on the happiness and well-being of woman in all conditions of life. While, therefore, we will continue to plead for exclusion of the sex from political life, and to note as truthfully as possible the signs of the times in that direction, we invite from all quarters contributions bearing on woman's general interests and industries.

Whatever has a tendency to inspire a higher sense of the greatness of our mission in this world, the importance and responsibility of earthly life—suggestions helpful to self-sustaining women—what good women have done and what they may do—will be acceptable. Also tales, sketches, poetry, etc. Two serials, commencing with the present number, will run through several numbers, and add much to the interest of the third volume. Now is the best time to subscribe.

GRACE DARLING and IDA LEWIS may have been more daring, but not more courageous nor successful in a marine point of view, than was Miss Jennie Floyd Jones, of South Oyster Bay, Long Island, who has received the gold medal of the Life-saving Association for having last spring saved a younger brother with two of his companions from drowning in Massapequa Lake. The boys were skating; the ice broke, precipitating them into the water some eight feet deep. She, hearing their cries for help, ran, and laying herself flat on the unsafe ice, crawled out to them, and with a small stick pulled each one separately out; then bidding them to follow her example, worked her way to shore, thus by her bravery and presence of mind saving three lives.

[For the True Woman.

Monument at Mount Vernon.

As early as the year 1857 it was proposed by members of the Masonic fraternity that their Order should act in conjunction with the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association in the work of purchasing and repairing the home of Washington at Mount Vernon. More recently it has been suggested that the Order should raise $200,000 for the purpose of erecting a suitable monument on the grounds. An appeal to this effect has been made to the Grand Lodges of the different States, and obtained from several of them a favorable response, California responding in the sum of $800.

During the pleasant days of last October the Knights Templar of different Commanderies of the Order made pilgrimages to Mount Vernon, and there, around the sacred shine which contains the mortal remains of the Father of his Country, inspired by the hallowed associations which breathe around the home where he lived and died, the trees he planted, the walks he used to tread, the lovely landscape on which his eyes so often rested with delight, they renewed their declarations of respect for his memory and their pledges of loyalty to the cause to which his life was devoted. Then the matter of the monument was revived by Eminent Commander Stansbury in these words:

"This spot, sacred to all Americans, is especially sacred to Masons, for he whose ashes repose here was a member of our time-honored Order. It has been a cherished idea of my Masonic life that our fraternity, and particularly this branch of it, should have the honor of raising on this spot a magnificent temple worthy of him whose remains repose here, worthy of this free nation which he founded, and which he loved so well, and worthy of our great and ancient fraternity, founded upon the principles of brotherly love, relief and truth, and devoted to the cause of patriotism and peace."

Nothing could be more beautiful and appropriate than such an offering to the memory which all true Americans delight to honor. There are two hundred thousand Free Masons in the United States. They are scattered through all sections of the country, and represent all classes and all creeds. But it may be safely said that there is not one among them all whose heart does not kindle with holy aspiration at the name of WASHINGTON. Let each give for this praiseworthy purpose *one dollar*, and the work is done.

Pilgrims to the tomb of Washington do not desire too many changes in the way of *improvement*. They love to see the old paths as he used to walk in them, and reverend feet will always keep them well trodden. They love the old mansion, majestic in its simplicity, which was his home from his boyhood to his death, and posterity will thank the brave and persevering woman who has been so instrumental in preserving it for them. But all will concur in the

propriety of a suitable monument to adorn the spot where his ashes repose, who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." C. E. J.

[For the True Woman.

Woman's Work.

BY MRS. MORGAN.

"Learn first to show piety at home."

Show first thy piety at home,
Let all who dwell beneath thy dome
Discern the light that shines in thee,
Through acts of kindly ministry.
Requite with tender filial cares
The guardians of thine early years,
And be it thy belov'd employ,
To give their latter days new joy.
If thou hast sisters, gently guide
Their footsteps to the Saviour's side:
If thou hast brothers, wisdom seek,
That thou the fitting words mayst speak.
To which the Spirit shall give power,
To save them in the tempted hour.
Art thou a wife, with graceful skill
Influence for good thy husband's will,
Be in his eyes a guiding light
To all that's pure, and true, and right.
Hast thou a child? be this thy part,
To win to Christ its fresh young heart;
Making it feel thine own is His
And serving Him thy highest bliss.
Be to thy servants just and kind,
Expecting many a fault to find.
Perhaps thyself a servant art;
It matters not—well, act thy part.
Who works the best commends God's grace,
Not he who fills the highest place.
Whate'er thy station, make it shine
With somewhat of the light divine,
So shall thy life an influence be,
Showing the worth of piety.

Perchance thou dwellest beneath a dome
Thou callest *boarding-place*, not home,
Where strangers strangers meet awhile,
Exchange a word, a look, a smile.
Unconscious of the secret force
That underlies their intercourse,
For good or ill, to curse or bless,
Think not thy *home work there* the less,
The fields are white—their reaper be;
Perhaps the gathering waits for thee;
And thence thou precious sheaves mayst bring
When "Harvest Home" the laborers sing.

[For the True Woman.

Conversations.

BY K. P.

"Why are you so sad to-day, Sarah?" asked a fashionably-dressed lady to a morning caller. "I hope you have not met with any additional discouragements in your charitable pursuits."

"No, Catharine; though there are so many disappointments in seeking to lead a life of well-doing, so many stones to clamber over in our ascent, I cannot help feeling sometimes dissatisfied to think how imperfect my words and acts must be, and to find so small a good result. To-day, for instance, I read an article in the *Tribune*, entitled 'Lucy,' showing the gradual fall of a woman, till, by God's providence, her downfall was, at least temporally, checked by a detection and consequent imprisonment. In prison she may perhaps learn to repent: being employed in forced labor. But the whole story of her departure from virtue was so plainly due to the common notion of the degradation of labor, I was lead into a train of thought concerning this low, slavish belief. It has spread like a cancer through our country, among all classes of people, and is the basis, it seems to me, of dreadful crime. God only knows how far it will hurt our country. In Europe, where there is such a gulf fixed between those who serve and those who are served, this evil must be met differently. But we need not go abroad for the evil, when it knocks so loudly at our own door."

"Why, Sarah, my friend, I never saw you so disturbed. Tell me the story to which you refer, that I may at least sympathize with you, if I cannot render any more efficient aid."

Sarah then related the life history of poor Lucy, to which her friend listened attentively. When she had finished, neither lady spoke for a while, for the eyes of both were dim, and their thoughts were busy seeking for a way in which this growing evil might be reached. Both knew that the more thoroughly it was purged from her own mind the better could she cope with it in another. Now that these ladies are known by their Christian names, and a glimpse of their characters has been caught, I will introduce them more fully.

Catharine Murray, now Mrs. Seymoure, and Sarah Parker, a sweet maiden lady, had been friends from earliest childhood. Their mothers were friends; met daily to talk over their domestic duties and pleasures; lulled their infants to sleep by the same comforting nursery song, and laid them to rest on the same bed. Their children thus intimately thrown together, lived, loved, were naughty and good together, and were united in their studies.

When they were grown up their friendship remained unbroken, and, though they were separated for a few years, as Mr. Seymoure's business called him to live temporarially in the West, they were now again together; Catharine a noble, happy wife and mother, but Sarah, still unwedded. But a word about Catharine.

As I heartily believe in the distribution of happiness, of good and evil, without respect to earthly stations, simply because I believe that the love of our Father in heaven is poured out in equal measure to all his sons and daughters, it has struck me as an injustice to stigmatize all the rich, in a sweeping assertion, as an ungenerous and grasping race, or all the fashionable, as devotees of the ostentation which is supposed to accompany a fashionable life; to such a degree that they ignore every call made upon their friendship or benevolence, by their less fortunate brothers and sisters.

My Catharine was one of the good women of the world, and therefore used her riches as a means of usefulness. She was in the habit of visiting the inmates of one of the low, poor districts in her neighborhood, and of helping each in the way which she thought would be most serviceable to the peculiar character and necessity of her pensioner. She now thought of one of them who had a pretty little daughter, and seemed to have the mistaken idea with which poor Lucy had been educated. She proposed to her friend to visit this woman on the following Friday, and converse with her about her daughter. Sarah eagerly consented and took her leave, promising to call that day.

(*To be continued.*)

Woman as a Church Member.

One more point of importance in woman's position as a church member is the responsibility that position devolves upon her in her relation to *society*. And this is the responsibility of bearing always in mind the fact that she is a member of the Christian fellowship, and of standing steadfast in the world, as a respecter of the institutions and objects of the confederacy to which she belongs.

This is, indeed, easily said. But its actual fulfillment by the sisterhood of the churches would work some of the most important of practical consequences.

It is impossible, in the space here allotted, to develop, with any completeness, this idea of the results which would follow a constant remembrance on woman's part of her position as a representative of the common engagements and aims of the Christian fellowship. The effects of such loyalty would be manifold.

Take but one illustration. Such a remembrance of the claims of responsibility to the church of which she is a member would take effect—to designate a single particular—in reference to the institutions established by the church for its own spiritual benefit.

As an example of such institutions, may be mentioned the various appointments made by different churches, each after its own custom, for other than Sabbath worship. All churches have deemed it wise to make such appointments. Whether set down in the yearly calendar as commemorative of some person or event in Christian history, or whether, with Puritan simplicity, unindicated by any such sign, the thing itself exists everywhere. Long experience, as well as the nature of the case, has proved it useful to set apart some portion of secular time for religious worship.

Now, what would loyalty to the common fellowship seem to ask with reference to an institution like this? Would it not ask a conscientious recognition of the fact, on the part of all the members of the church, that such an institution exists? Would it not require some endeavor to participate in it? Would it not bar out such spectacles as are often now seen, of one group of church-members engaged in one place in the exercises designated by church-appointment as appropriate to the time; and another group of members of the same church met at the same hour, at the house of one of their own number, perhaps, for an evening party; and still another group at an opera; and still another at a political meeting?

If all could not—as doubtless is the case—engage together in one place in the common exercises appointed, would not loyalty

to the common fellowship, at least, demand that the hour of such worship be held sacred by all? Now, there can be no question that this result is perfectly in the hands of the female members of every church. It is in their power to make the appointed time of devotion as recognizedly a sacred time almost as the Sabbath itself.

So, too, with reference to a good many other points of social usage which might be mentioned—like the character of the amusements engaged in; the degree of conformity to fashion; the allowance or disallowance of wine or round dances, or half-nude dramatic spectacles—the women have the question in their own keeping. Say whatever may be said about the inclinations of men in these matters, women are the arbiters respecting them; and to what they steadfastly dictate men will ultimately conform. There is nothing in man's nature, however stiff the stuff of which it flatters him to think he is made, which will not mold like wax to the united determinations of conscientious women. And if the sisterhood of our churches would be but loyal to the obligations they have voluntarily assumed, there are almost no limits to their practical influence on the conduct of men and the general usages of society.

Woman, potential always when standing on conviction and conscience, is never more potential than in standing steadfast to her responsibilities as a member of the church. —*Rev. G. Walker, in Christian Union.*

Miss Emily Faithfull.

Harper's Bazar, Nov. 16th, gives a life-like picture of Miss Emily Faithfull, whose visit to this country has been extensively chronicled in the public prints. The following is an extract from Miss Booth's graceful sketch in the same number of the *Bazar*:

Among the English women who are publicly known as workers for better educational and industrial opportunites for their sex, our newly arrived visitor, Miss Emily Faithfull, is specially noted for ability, unselfishness, and persistent energy. Conservative by birth and education, radical by conviction, she has always held that happy mean which ignores both Quixotism and inaction. She believes that one sex is as much entitled to bread—that is to say, work and wages—as the other, but she has not the slightest disposition to fight windmills with her pen, or drain oceans into her ink-bottle. It is the natural consequence of such moderation that the people who do rage at windmills and labor with oceans are apt to consider her a person of promise, but too much under the influence of the established order of things. But there are very few who are not glad to acknowledge the success of her practical plans for women, and the tact and determination with which she executes them. In 1860 she founded the Victoria Press, a typographical establishment in which only women are employed as compositors. It is perfectly needless to say that this foundation was exceedingly costly, and that Miss Faithfull made it successful only by dint of the most determined struggles. The Queen aided her by an appointment as "Printer and publisher in ordinary to Her Majesty," and the establishment has now become as permanent as it is useful. In 1863 Miss Faithfull began *The Victoria Magazine*, which, while it advocates chiefly the industrial claims of women, has a decided literary value. She has also published a novel, "Change upon Change," which is said by the critics to be clever, bright, and unaffected.

She is president of several societies, is a charming lecturer, an elegant and indefatigable writer, and, with all this, finds time to consider the appeals of countless needy woman. She has in London an office at which hundreds of applications for help in obtaining work of some kind are received every day. The impossibility of satisfying even the half of these sad petitioners leads Miss Faithfull to constantly increasing efforts to find space for women in the professions and handicrafts. She comes to this country partly to make inquiries into the condition of the women and children employed in factories. The home government, which has long regarded her as an authority on the subject of woman's work, has recognized her mission in a semi-official manner.

Miss Faithfull's excellent social position, and the extreme moderation with which she states her opinions, serve to place her above the ridicule which is so lavishly bestowed upon most advocates of "woman's rights." And in truth she does not especially care or struggle for the posession of the vote. The great desire of her useful life is that women should have accurate industrial training, sufficient work and just remuneration. With politics she has little to do. One reason for her eminent success upon the platform is the perfection with which she manages her sweet and powerful voice.

In person Miss Faithfull fulfills the traditional idea of the Englishwoman. She is tall and large of figure, possesses a well-shaped head, and a face which expresses cultivation, energy and a generous nature. There is nothing masculine about her, unless it may be her hair, which is cut short, and is very straight. She has clear brown eyes, a merry and winning smile, and the gentle and simple manners which belong of right to a woman of good birth, thorough culture and kind heart.

Miss Edmonia Lewis, who has achieved quite a reputation as a sculptor in Rome, was born at Greenbush, near Albany, N. Y. In her efforts to deserve and attain this reputation, she had to overcome, not only the disadvantages of *being a woman*, and of poverty, but also the prejudices of race—her father being a negro and her mother a Chippeway Indian. She lived with the Indians till her twelfth year, and remembers seeing her mother making moccasins for the tribe; she is now about thirty years old. In her youth, an older brother, who was taken away by a white man and sent to school, prospered sufficiently to help his sister to a common school education. After going to school four years, she went to Boston, and passing along School street one day, was attracted by the statue of Franklin, and stopping to look at it, said to herself, "I wonder if I could make an image like that." Then she received some instruction from Mr. Brackett, and began to model first a baby's foot, then a lady's hand and other studies.

The first money she earned was twenty dollars for a medallion of Bowditch. In 1865 she went to Florence, thence to Rome, where she produced "Hiawatha's Marriage," of which Charlotte Cushman ordered a copy in marble for a Young Men's Christian Association—"A Babe Asleep," "A Bust of Lincoln," and several other pieces —finally a "Madonna and Child," for which Lord Bate gave her five hundred pounds sterling. She finds many friends in Rome, especially among English visitors.

Whatever may be the merit of her productions, she is entitled to great praise for her efforts in overcoming obstacles and making the most of herself aud her opportunities.

Miss Seward, a medical missionary in India, writes to the *Missionary Link:* My Moonshi, a most intelligent Mussulman, said to me not long since: "Our women of the better classes cannot see a male physician; if they are sick, they must get well of themselves, or die."

I think I cannot close this subject in a better way than by quoting a letter of Dr. Elmslie, of the Church Mission in Cashmere. His medical knowledge gained him admittance there a few years since. "Will you say to Miss Seward and Miss Swain that I wish them God speed with all my heart. Theirs is a noble work, and no other agency that we know of can open these homes that we would find an entrance to, except medicine. Education, it is true, has served as a wedge in Bengal, where the male population, to a comparative large extent, appreciate it. But with that exception, and the south of India, the homes of a large portion of the people have up to this time remained closed against the Christian Missionary."

Mrs. Sarah Payson Willis Parton was born in Portland, Me., in 1811, and died at her residence in New York, October 10th, aged sixty-one years. On the death of her first husband, Mr. Eldridge, she was left in embarrassed circumstances, and commenced writing for the press in 1851, over the name of "Fanny Fern." Her book of "Fern Leaves" sold to the extent of 75,000 copies. The only novels she published were "Ruth Hall" and "Rose Clarke." In 1856 she married James Parton. Since that day she has been known as a writer of short sketches in the New York *Ledger*. She had a stormy life, but its closing years were unclouded.

In a characteristic paper on the "emancipation of women," in the last number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, M. Henri Baudrillart reminds us that the present movement is by no means the novelty, in the way of "justice for everybody," which its promoters would have us believe. For nearly four hundred years, women have found ardent believers in their absolute equality with the rougher race of men. Cornelius Agrippa, once a great power in the world of letters, as long ago as 1509 published his "Treatise on the Superiority of Women to Men," which he demonstrated in thirty chapters, by a cloud of theological, physical, historical, cabalistical, and moral proofs. In 1552, Ruscelli brought out a fresh book on the same side, based on the Platonic philosophy, as Plato was understood by the theorists of the Renaissance. Women-writers followed in the same path, and notably a fair Venetian, Lucrezia Morinella, whose book was called "The nobleness and excellence of Women, together with the faults and imperfections of Men." What effect upon the vagrant affections of Henri Quatre these same views may have had when expounded in the form of letters by his first wife, Marguerite de Navarre, it is not difficult to surmise; though M. Baudrillart does not tell us whether she published them before or after her marriage with the king. The seventeenth century was equally prolific in books asserting female pretensions. One such essay, according to its title, "demonstrates that women are more noble, better politicians, more courageous, more learned, more virtuous, and more economical than men." Even the friars, which perhaps is not to be wondered at, wrote in the same strain. Hilarion de Coste published two huge quartos, filled with the praises of a hundred and seventy women who in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries had been distinguished for their talents and their virtues. Even this was not enough for the Italian Riberia, whose book celebrates the "Immortal triumphs and heroic enterprises of eight hundred and fifty women." "Eight hundred and fifty heroines!" exclaims M. Baudrillart. "What panegyrist has ever treated men with such a liberality as this?" For the "strong-minded" female herself he has no sympathy whatever, and asks why an absurd war of the sexes should be added to the war of classes which troubles modern society.—*Every Saturday.*

Prepay Your Postage in Full.—Under the new Post-office regulations which have just gone into effect, letters which are not prepaid by stamps *in full* are charged double postage at the office to which they are directed. For instance, if a letter weighing a fraction over half an ounce, bearing a single three-cent stamp, is dropped in at Philadelphia, for Baltimore, when it arrives here the postmaster is bound to mark on it *six cents due*, and collect that amount before the letter can be delivered. Under this regulation, it becomes more than ever important to all who are in the way of receiving letters, that their correspondents should take note of the new rule, and always make sure that the letters they send are prepaid in full.

My Watch and I.

"We must part my watch," said I,
We must part to-day;
You are false and won't keep time,
So the jewelers say."

"Tick, tick, tick," my watch it spoke,
"Tick, tick, tick," each word;
I bent my ear to where it lay,
And this is what I heard:

"Ah, is it so? And must we part?
Carelessly we sever;
I who have lain so near your heart,
And thought to stay forever.

In your gown my face I hid,
Yet though out of sight;
With my hands for you I worked,
Morning, noon and night.

Friends you've had, but none so near,
Others come and go;
Faithful in sorrow and true in cheer,
I've counted your weal and woe.

In wakeful hours of many a night,
As under your pillow I lay;
I ticked the sympathy into your ear,
You heeded not by day.

All your secrets I know well,
And before I stop
Don't you fear what I may tell
In the jeweler shop?

Don't you fear that I may say
How your heart beat quick?
I know how it went one day
When some one—tick—tick—tick"

Here I quickly raised my head,
On the table bowed;
"Tattle-tale, hush, hush," I said,
"Do not tick so loud.

Yes, 'tis true, we have been friends;
All you say is true;
I've consulted none more oft
Than I've consulted you.

I've a certain fondness too,
For your little face;
Grown familiar yet you know
You are in disgrace.

You've been very false to me
In the days gone past·
When deceit comes in between,
Friendship cannot last.

So 'tis ever best to part
With the faithless friend,
Than to hold him to your heart
Till the bitter end.

Better snap at once the link
When deceit appears,
Than drag a hollow lie throughout
An agony of years."

—Bianca.

Miss Blanche Nevin, after three years absence in Europe, has returned to her home in Lancaster, Pa., and established a studio for modeling in clay. During her stay in Europe, Miss Nevin made good use of her opportunities in Rome, Florence and Venice for the practical study of the art of sculpture to which she has devoted herself. She brings with her several beautiful products of her skill, in marble; and since her return has modeled a bust of her father, President Nevin, of Franklin and Marshall College, which, as seen in clay, is a remarkable likeness of that eminent theologian. We predict a brilliant success in art for our gifted young countrywoman.

Sick People—How to Cure Them.—A lady has just left our rooms whose case illustrates an important idea. Ten years ago she was an invalid. Her malady was obstinate, and at the end of a year's treatment a consultation resulted in the opinion that her case was cerebro-spinal irritation, from which she would probably never recover. Six years ago her husbadd died. His estate proved insolvent. The wife engaged in an active occupation to support her three children. In a year she was well, and has remained so ever since.

There are two million dyspeptics in America. Nine in ten of them could be cured by work.

A wealthy clergyman from a neighboring State assured us that he had spent eight years and thirty thousand dollars in seeking a cure for his dyspepsia. He had traveled everywhere and consulted all sorts of doctors. We are afraid he will never forgive us for telling him that six months' hard work would make a well man of him.—*To-Day.*

Two girls employed in a large dry-goods establishment in Boston, and living in Roxbury, on discovering the danger from the fire, gained access to the store, secured laces to the value of $20,000, and took them safely to their home in Roxbury. The store was wholly burned.

Exchanges.—*Every Saturday*—A journal of choice reading. The plan of *Every Saturday* embraces Serial Tales, Short Stories, Essays Critical and Descriptive, Sketches of Travel and Adventure, Poems, Biographical Papers, Literary Information,—in fine, whatever contributes to produce a Weekly acceptable and attractive to all classes of intelligent American readers. One of the best and most popular journals of the times. JAMES R. OSGOOD & CO., Boston.

To-Day is the title of a new journal edited by Dio Lewis, and published in Philadelphia—made up of serials, sketches, and notes on popular science, practical recipes, passing events, literary reviews, etc. No one better knows how to popularize dry subjects, and make good advice readable, than Dr. Lewis, and a journal in his hands is sure to be a success.

The Lady Elgin is an eight-page folio, published monthly, edited and conducted by three young women, operatives in the National Watch Factory, Elgin, Illinois. It is bright, sensible and attractive every way, and recalls to memory the *Lowell Offering*, published by operatives in the Lowell factories twenty-five years ago. We give it a cordial welcome to our exchange table, and our best wishes for its success. The following tender tribute to a deceased shopmate is from its columns:

In this city, October 24th, Addie Kendall, one of our most esteemed friends and shopmates.

Though we daily miss our kind, true friend, we know that death could not have taken one of our number better prepared to go with him through the dark valley into the light beyond. You often found life a very rugged way, dear Addie, but you lived it patiently and bravely: now cometh rest.

Dear, gentle heart! so pure, so true, so tender,
No throb of pain can mortal cause thee now,
No living service can those still hands render;
All care has vanished from the death-touched brow.

Gone from the mingled good and ills of living;
Done with earth's toiling and earth's festal days;
Within her Father's house to keep Thanksgiving,
With perfect joy and sweetest songs of praise.

How Chromos are Made:

How are chromos made? This question is frequently asked.

Chromos are produced by lithography, a process invented by

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toward the end of the last century. Lithography is the art of printing from stone. The most obvious difference between lithography and other modes of printing lies in the fact that it employs a perfectly smooth surface, while wood-cut and type printing is done from lines raised above the surface; steel engraving, on the contrary, from lines sunk into the surface The possibility of printing a design from a smooth surface, which at first sight would appear impossible, is obtained by treating the stone (a peculiar carbonate of lime) with various chemical agents, which tend to make those parts of the stone bearing the design susceptible to printer's ink, while the parts bearing no design will reject it.

CHROMO-LITHOGRAPHY

is simply the art of printing from stone in colors. But still the art is not simple. To reproduce a good painting is a work entailing no small amount of labor, skill, and outlay, for the colors cannot be printed all at once, but must be laid on one by one, now overlaying and mixing with each other by contrast, and, in the end, all combining to form one grand and harmonious whole. When we consider that the best of these publications must pass through the press twenty, thirty, or

EVEN FORTY TIMES,

each impression adding a new color, printed from a separate stone, especially drawn by the artist for the purpose, and that it takes from two to twelve months of unremitting labor to bring out a first edition, we shall perhaps, be willing to allow that the art is not so simple after all. From a philosophical point of view, the great value of chromo-lithography is to be found in the fact that it cheapens good art. It has been called the

"DEMOCRACY OF ART,"

and justly so. In these days of high prices of paintings, it is a comfort for the well-educated, but slender of purse, to be able to decorate their walls with such close and conscientious reproductions. How charming, for instance, are the two exquisite bouquets,

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